

VON EICHHORN ASSASSINATED

German Military Leader in Ukraine Was Victim of Bomb

CAPT. VON DRESSLER, HIS AIDE, KILLED

Crime Originated with Social Revolutionists in Moscow

Amsterdam, July 31.—Field Marshal Von Eichhorn, the German commander in the Ukraine, and his adjutant were assassinated by a bomb in Kiev Tuesday, says an official announcement received here from the Ukrainian capital.

The bomb was thrown at the men while they were driving to their headquarters from the Casino. The field marshal's adjutant was named Captain Von Dressler.

Field Marshal Von Eichhorn and Captain Von Dressler died last night.

The bomb which wounded the field marshal and the adjutant was thrown from a cab which drove close to their carriage as they were approaching the field marshal's residence. The assassin and the cab driver have been arrested.

It has been established, the telegram declares, that the crime originated with the social revolutionists in Moscow.

TO DETERMINE OWNER OF CENTURY-OLD FUND

Full Bench of Massachusetts Supreme Court Takes Up Case Involving a Cargo Confiscated by Chile.

Boston, July 31.—The full bench of the Massachusetts supreme court has been called upon to determine the ownership of a fund nearly a century old which is claimed by the commonwealth of Massachusetts on one hand and the Chilean government on the other.

In 1821 an American ship returning from China to this port was seized by Chilean revolutionists and its cargo confiscated. When normal conditions prevailed in Chile, the United States demanded indemnity, and Chile paid \$70,400.

William H. Gardner of Brookline was selected to distribute the money among those entitled to it. He executed the trust except as to two Chinese—known only as Paqua and Monqua, merchants—and Thomas Furber of this city. Mr. Gardner failed to locate these persons or their representatives. When he died the trust was transmitted to his son and upon the latter's death to the grandson and great-grandson, Robert S. Gardner and Robert H. Gardner, Jr., who are now its custodians.

The present holders of the fund have searched through the records of the state department, through the American consular service at Canton, China, and through various other sources, for the heirs of Paqua, Monqua and Thomas Furber, without success.

AN ODD RESTRICTION.

Frequenters of Coffee Houses in Vienna May Not Wear Outdoor Clothing.

New York, July 31.—Frequenters of coffee houses in Vienna visited by secret traders in foodstuffs are no longer permitted to sit in their overcoats and hats or stand together, according to a decree issued by the government bureau of war supply, says a Vienna dispatch published in the Berlin Tageblatt of June 18.

The decree forbids also the checking of pieces of baggage and other packages in the coffee houses. The decree was issued because some of the Vienna coffee houses had become veritable storehouses for secret trades and because the "standing or sitting together of persons in their overcoats and hats" facilitated the escape from the coffee houses of these persons who had reason to fear the police in case of an official investigation.

Our Wounded Come Home.

While sorrow, traveling by cable, comes from France to many New England homes whose sons crossed the sea to make the supreme sacrifice, another of the grim phases of war is brought near to us with the arrival in Boston of the first group of wounded soldiers from France consigned to hospitals in this city.

There are comparatively few in this first group of sufferers to come to us, comparatively few as judged by the homecoming of troop trains and ships in France and England. But others are certain to follow.

To-day our boys are in the thick of the fighting. They have helped to drive the invaders from the Marne, and are still driving them back from the ground on which they were stopped two months ago by other gallant American troops.

Some of those just arrived were wounded in the memorable engagements around Chateau Thierry, when the German dash toward Paris spent its force against a wall of steel.

Already, from the new fields of battle, have come reports of casualties. New England, always in the forefront when liberty is at stake, can claim many of these dead and wounded heroes as her own.

But she stands ready for the test. Like France, like England, like Italy and bleeding Belgium, her people, too, will bear their part with courage and fortitude. Great though the sacrifice may be, long though the line of graves may grow across the fields of France, may the sufferers sent back to freedom's land, New England—and America—will not flinch.

From these first wounded who have come back to us may be learned a lesson. In spite of pain, there is a smile on their lips. It is all for liberty.—Boston Globe.

BECAME THIN AND WEAK FROM LACK OF BLOOD

If your blood is not fortified against the multitude of disease germs that surround us, you risk being a prey to sickness. You may not be able to put in a good day's work without a constant feeling of exhaustion.

The experience of Mrs. George B. Harvey, of No. 619 Parkwood avenue, Youngstown, Ohio, will interest many. She says:

"I was pale and weak and my blood was impoverished. My appetite was very poor, food distressed me and I often had nervous spells. I was subject to dizziness when every thing would turn black before my eyes. My heart would beat very fast when I went up stairs. I could not sleep. At night I had dry hacking cough and became so thin and weak that I had no strength to do any work."

"One day I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a paper and decided to give them a trial. After taking a few boxes I felt like a different person and took the pills until I recovered. I am glad to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any person suffering with anemia."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic, not a stimulant. They build up the blood and have transformed thousands of sick, grouchy, irritable, tired and nervous people into active, energetic, capable, efficient men and women. They will help you, too.

Your own druggist sells Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Price 50 cents. Write to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for free book on the blood.

Topics of the Home and Household.

Paraffine and emery powder mixed together make a very good polish for rusty steel.

To render piecrust flaky try adding half a spoonful of vinegar to the cold water when mixing.

Wheatlessness at Breakfast.

Why not cease buying wheat flour or other wheat products? Then you will not have the problem of using as little of them as possible. The United States food administration will help you in your use of the other four grains and products. Note these suggestions for making your breakfasts absolutely wheatless.

No toast—double portions of cereal. (Cereal to be oatmeal, corn flakes, hominy, corn meal, barley or rice, not wheat or rye).

If bread is desired, muffins, popovers, waffles, griddle cakes, baking powder biscuits, of cornmeal, cornflour, rice flour, oatmeal, barley, buckwheat. (If your grocer hasn't granulated oatmeal, just pour your rolled oats through the coffee mill or meat grinder. If you wish it very fine, sift the product you get.) Potatoes instead of bread.

Oatmeal Muffins—1 2-3 cups fine granulated oatmeal, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1 table-spoon fat, 2 table-spoons corn syrup, 1 egg. Sift the dry materials together. Add to the cup of milk the melted fat, syrup and beaten egg. Combine these two mixtures, stirring lightly without beating. Bake about 30 minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Setting an Attractive Table.

As the daily meals of Americans grow more and more simple and less and less varied because of the excessive cost of living, it behooves the housewife, upon whom devolves the task of making this reduced bill of fare acceptable to the family, to use every acceptable means of making it appear to be as satisfactory as in the days of greater plenty.

Trifles, such as the arrangement of a table, the garnishing of a dish, sometimes exercise a remarkable degree of influence over the digestion, says the Irish World. The mere appearance of a table on which are hung, so to speak, in helter-skelter manner dishes and plates, cups and knives, will sometimes destroy appetite and cause a person of delicate stomach to forego entirely or in part food which he really needs and which is in itself altogether palatable.

So it is especially desirable now, when there is less food and fewer kinds on our tables to have what there is served in such a manner as will make it seem most desirable for all who sit down to eat of it.

It goes without saying that the prime factor in making a table attractive is spotless linen. It is not so necessary that linen shall be fine and glossy as that it shall be white and clean, with no stains to mar its clean surface. The next important point is that the silver shall be kept bright.

Orderly arrangement is perhaps the next point of necessity in the well arranged table, then comes the garnishing. A little box of greens may be grown at the kitchen window. You can at least grow parsley and this makes the kitchen cheerful as well as gives the housewife a perpetual green for all sorts of dishes. Perhaps you now buy shoulder chops instead of the fine loin chops which you formerly considered indispensable.

If you but knew it, these same shoulder chops can be made to look as tasty as those from the loin if they come to the table garnished with a few sprigs of parsley. Suppose you are going to make a potato salad or that old fashioned dish known as potato bargain.

Add a little chopped parsley to either and you will find that father and the children will look on it as a much more desirable dish.

Perhaps you are going to have canned salmon for luncheon, because the canned fish is in many instances cheaper than the fresh. How much nicer it will look if, after having freed it from bones and membranes, it is placed in a border of boiled rice or in a ring of mashed potatoes, or is surrounded by little mounds of the green peas which you prize.

Plain pot roast may look homely, but it becomes aristocratic and tempting when it is brought to the table decorated with overlapping slices of carrot or with a border of diced carrots and peas or with vegetables cut with any one of the fancy vegetable cutters.

Arrange cakes and muffins in symmetrical designs, in star shapes, or diamond, on the serving plates. Think up some new arrangement or decoration whenever serving a dish that might otherwise be commonplace and see whether you cannot feel repaid. Dorothy Dexter.

BOLSHEVIK RULE IS TOTTERING

Workmen and Peasants of Russia Are About to Revolt

SAYS INFORMATION THROUGH STOCKHOLM

People Are Worried of the Tyranny of the Bolsheviks

London, July 31.—Information reaching Stockholm, says the correspondent of the Times there, shows that the bolshevik regime has come to the end of its tether and that the Russian masses—workmen and peasants—are about to rise in arms against bolshevik tyranny.

Official representatives of the social revolutionary and social democratic parties in Russia, have arrived in Stockholm, says the correspondent, and have issued a remarkable appeal to the Socialists of Europe. They call upon the Socialists to form an international commission, representing all Socialist parties, to visit Russia and ascertain by direct investigation whether the Russian Socialists are not right in declaring the bolsheviks have brought widespread evils on Russia, destroyed industry, caused universal starvation, despotically oppressed the people and now are concerned only in retaining powers at all costs.

The representatives are Rusanoff, for the social revolutionaries, and Axelrod for the social democrats. They represented their respective parties in Stockholm in the summer of 1917, when an abortive attempt was made to organize an inter-Socialist conference.

AMERICANS RECEIVED WITH AN OVATION

Italian Civil and Military Authorities Most Enthusiastic on Their Arrival.

Washington, D. C., July 31.—American combatant troops, whose arrival recently in Italy to go into action on the Italian front was announced here by General March, chief of staff, were received with an ovation on their arrival at Turin and Milan. Princess Laetitia and the civil and military authorities enthusiastically greeted the Americans at Turin, where they paraded through the city's streets amidst great ovations, according to an official dispatch yesterday from Rome. In Milan, a similar reception greeted the Americans, which continued through the afternoon, assuming the character of a great popular demonstration for the United States.

VIERECK WANTED NEWSPAPERS.

With Them War with Germany Would Have Been Prevented.

New York, July 31.—That the German government spent \$30,000,000 to \$50,000,000 for propaganda in this country, and got nothing for it, was a declaration by George Sylvester Viereck, alleged pro-German publicist, in testimony given at the inquiry here into Teuton activities in the United States.

Viereck, who is editor of the former Fatherland, attended conferences of German officials and propaganda representatives in this city in the early years of the European war, and favored the purchase of certain newspapers in all large American cities, according to a statement yesterday by Deputy Attorney General Becker.

As a witness in the investigation being conducted by the attorney general's office at the request of the department of justice, Viereck declared that, if a string of influential newspapers had been purchased with German money, "we could have arranged that America never would have entered the war." He said he had favored acquisition and conduct of a group of papers "along legitimate lines" to present the German side of the war to American readers.

EHRET WANTS PROPERTY BACK.

Brewer Returning from Germany to Get \$400,000,000 Estate.

Washington, July 31.—George Ehret, a brewer of New York, whose estate, estimated to be valued at \$400,000,000, recently was taken over by Alien Property Custodian Palmer, was reported yesterday to be returning from Germany to institute proceedings for recovery of the property. The case is analogous to that of Mrs. Adolphus Busch, the widow of the St. Louis multimillionaire brewer, who now is seeking recovery of her estate which was seized while she was in Germany. Ehret went to Germany before the United States entered the war and his friends claim the trip was made necessary by reason of his declining health. The property was seized by the government on the ground of his German residence, as residence and not citizenship is the determining factor in such cases.



What a sight my skin was until I cleared it with Resinol

Even if the pimples, redness or roughness are severe and have resisted ordinary treatment, a little use of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap will usually bring out the skin's real beauty.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap contain only the purest ingredients and gentlest medication, which physicians prescribe widely in the treatment of the skin. Sold by all druggists.

WITH 26 LETTERS

By JANE OSBORN.

"May I sit in your nice patch of shade, Mr. Farmer?" The girl, pink and old, delightfully tanned and laden with magazines and fluttering papers had already spread herself under the shade of the lone apple tree that was allowed to grow unmolested in the middle of the newly-mown hayfield.

"It's not my tree and it's not my shade," the man in overalls drawled with the unwillingness to answer a question directly that was characteristic of that section of the country. "But if it were mine I'd give you a deed for life on that particular spot of shade. You see, Mr. Owens owns the farm. I'm just—"

"Of course, Mr. Owens doesn't object," the girl laughed, gathering a neat collection of stones from the ground where she was sitting. "You are Mr. Owens's new help, aren't you? And your name is Tom Fenn?" said the girl pleasantly, opening a portfolio that was part of her equipment.

"Yes, and you're Miss Betty Brown and you are visiting your aunt at the next farm. I heard the Owens folks talking about you this morning. But may I ask what you are going to do with those stones?"

"Certainly," the girl smiled, "and I'll tell you. I am about to begin my morning's writing out here under this tree and I want the stones to keep down the papers. The chief trouble with writing outdoors is that the papers blow about, but I simply can't get my thoughts to work in one of those stuffy farmhouse rooms. I can't even read in there."

The farmer had dropped the bucket that he was carrying and had stooped to pick up the book that lay at the girl's feet.

"You wouldn't care much for that," she explained. "I don't imagine Ridgeway Norris is read much in this part of the country. In fact, I couldn't understand him myself at first. But he is all the rage with real writers. I try to read a little before I start to write. He is so stimulating."

"What did you say his name was?" The farmer had dropped the book and stood looking eagerly at the girl. "No, I guess we don't go in for anything like that up here. He's what you'd call a highbrow, isn't he?"

"Oh, decidedly," smiled the girl, beginning the morning's operations by putting long, tapering points on the collection of pencils she had brought with her.

"The Owens folks didn't say that you were a writer."

The girl laughed. "They don't know it. I never sold anything—that is, anything to brag about—and I don't talk much of my ambitions. But I'm crazy about it." The girl pressed the book by Ridgeway Norris to her and gave a delightful little laugh of happiness. "Just think of what a wonderful thing it is! Just think what a man like Norris can do with just those twenty-six little letters of the alphabet—makes you laugh or cry, fills you with dread, suspicion, joy or remorse to suit his whim, and all with those funny little twenty-six letters."

"'Tis queer," said the farmer meditatively. "I never thought of writing that way before. I have sometimes thought—'he was cautious in the suggestion—that I might do a little writing myself. There is one story I could tell that I think would make folks sit up and take notice. If only had someone to help me. Say," he added with a smile that fascinated Betty, "may-be you'd help me? You are a beginner, too. Well, suppose we begin together. I can't get much time off, but I'll ask Mr. Owens about giving me two or three hours every morning. Work is a little slack anyway. I guess he'll let me."

Betty knit her brows ever so slightly and then something in the keen young face of the farmer reassured her. "I am sure I should enjoy it," she said. "Even if we don't get very far, it will at least give me a new point of view."

The next morning at the appointed hour Betty found her farmer collaborator seated under the tree in the shade. He was neatly putting points on the assortment of pencils that he explained they let him have cheap at the general store.

"You see," he told Betty, as she spread her cushion down on the grass and arranged the folds of her dainty frock about her. "I have got the stones collected." He pointed to a pile of the most symmetrical stones he had been able to gather in the field. "So far, I think I am learning well. Now, what is the next thing to do? Have you got that highbrow book that you were telling me about?"

Betty explained that she had decided Ridgeway Norris ought to be left at home. "We must forget that anyone ever wrote a story before we did. We must fill our minds so full of the characters and the plot we are writing about that we'll just have to tell our story well. If we sell it we are to go fifty-fifty, aren't we? Now you tell me that plot of yours."

The farmer man was reticent. He told Betty that it was the first time in this life that he had ever spoken to anyone of the strange stories that came into his thoughts. And as he told it—a story weird in its combination of commonplace events of a country neighborhood and tense emotional situations, simple in the actual events it related and in the characters it handled, yet making a whole that was tensely dramatic—Betty forgot about the apple tree and the meadow. She even forgot that she was Betty, pink clad and pretty, and that she was listening to the faltering voice of a poor country laborer.

"If we can only get it into the story as you have told it to me!" she exclaimed, when the man had finished. "But that's where the art comes in. That is where experience and training count. If a man like Norris could only handle it."

A shadow of disappointment came over the young man's face. "I thought you were going to forget those highbrows. I thought you and I were go-

ing to do something original, going to beat them at their own game. Now here goes. I don't know how to begin stories or how to end them like those regular writers, so don't let me have a beginning. Just let's start right in at the places where you begin to catch your breath and wonder what's going to happen next. Here, I've got it—" The young man's eyes flashed with excitement. His manner of diffidence and reticence had vanished. "Get the paper and write what I tell you. We can do the polishing later. You can show me how to do that."

Every morning Betty Brown and her farmer sat under the apple tree. Some days the farmer would be all animation, all ideas, as he had been the day they began. Other days he would be dull and discouraged. He would be in a murderous frame of mind, when he wished to go back over the fabric of the story and weed out the characters he had created. Then Betty would be at her best. Then she would take the thread of the story where the man had left off, adding touches here and there and bringing order and plausibility out of the chaos in which the man had left the tale.

It was small wonder that Betty and the farmer man, sitting day after day in the shade of the solitary apple tree, working together over the thing in all the world that interested them most, dreaming and planning together, and groping away to bring to a realization their dearest dream—it was small wonder that Betty, who was very pretty in spite of the fact that she wore pin-nez and had ambitions, and Tom Fenn, who in spite of his overalls and his swarthy skin possessed a pair of frank brown eyes and a deal of rugged charm, should have got to the point where the dearest treasure in life seemed to be the enjoyment of each other's society.

"But how shall we manage," Betty asked one day after the usual preliminaries—always more or less the same and yet always a little different from anything else since the world began—"how shall we manage? I'd share your life with you anywhere. Tom, but I would be too much of a burden—at present. If you had a little farm of your own it might be different."

"We can buy a farm with the money we got from the story."

Betty explained how hopeless it was to expect a sale from their first story or to expect, even if it were sold, enough to make a first payment on a farm. Tom's optimism would permit no doubting. And so it was agreed that if the story were sold, even at a very low figure, Betty would consent to wed the farmer man and trust to good fortune for the rest.

So the story was finished and Betty typed it on her little portable machine at the farmhouse and, handing the precious manuscript to Tom to carry to the post office, she resigned her lot to the decision of the publisher's readers. And Betty knew by experience that when publishers return manuscript they are not very prompt.

But within ten days Tom flourished an envelope from the publishers gleefully before Betty's face as they sat at the old trysting place under the apple tree.

"You see, I had the audacity to open the manuscript before I posted it and slip in a little note for myself. That's why they sent it to me instead of to you." But Betty was reading:

"In our opinion, it is quite the best thing you have done. You have got more of the real smack of the soil, more of real flesh and blood, into this than ever before. It is just what was needed to make your stories as successful with the average reader as they already are with the critical. Please accept our humble congratulations."

Then, as Betty's eyes dropped to the lower left-hand side of the page, she read the name that told the story—"Mr. Ridgeway Norris."

"They are right, too, dead right," the man in farmer's garb was saying. "What you said about my other stuff being hard to understand was right. That's why I left the crowd and got into these jeans and followed the plow. But that wouldn't have helped at all, dearest little collaborator in all the world. What I wanted was a real flesh-and-blood woman to show me the way. And we'll sign the book Betty and Ridgeway Norris."

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NO EXCITEMENT IN LONDON

American Lighted Cigarette and Waited for Something to Happen—Had No Monocle.

"So you are just back from London?"

"Arrived last week."

"Did you have any exciting experiences over there?"

"None worth speaking about."

"But what did you do when Zeppelin arrived?"

"Oh, I—er—lighted a cigarette and waited for something to happen."

"Umph! Sheer bravado!"

"Of course, I had to do something to make those bally Brits think I wasn't frightened, and had no monocle to adjust."

Knew He Bought the Ring. Here is a hard nut for some solon to crack. After the breaking of an engagement, can the young man take back the ring he gave the girl and be arrested for stealing it? He can, for that is what has happened to a Brooklyn youth. But whether he can be convicted of grand larceny is a question that is causing concern to several magistrates. The prisoner pleaded not guilty to the charge made by his former fiancée, and the case will require some deep thinking by the magistrates before they render a decision.

His Observation. Time—Do you believe that bleaching the hair will drive a person insane?

Parker—Sure thing. I know two fellows who are crazy over a bleached blonde.

Shutters on His "Windows." Omar—I hear Bickins and Bluffem had a scrap yesterday.

Helmy—Yes, that's right. I saw Bluffem this morning.

Omar—How did he look?

Helmy—Huh! He couldn't look.

Not in Harmony. "Why is it we can't sing that round harmoniously?"

"I guess it's because you're accompanying the round on a square piano."

BARRE CHAUTAUQUA, AUG. 3-8

Will Sing Songs of Long Ago



THE LIBERTY MAIDS will open the Chautauqua with a program made up in large part of the music of long ago: old favorites that were sung a half century ago, and battle songs that were sung in the thrilling days of '61 to '65. These include such numbers as "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," "Comin' Thru the Rye," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Tenting Tonight" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

There are four girls in the company, all trained soloists and instrumentalists. In their instrumental numbers they feature the trombone, violin, cello and piano.

The Chautauqua offers many other great features in a mammoth 5-Day War Program. Season tickets can be had through the local committee. Inquire for full particulars at any store.

Community Chautauqua The War Time Recreation

"Go Where the Going Is Good"

TO-DAY this homely quotation strikes a responsive echo in every manufacturing plant.

Manufacturers are looking for logical markets—places where there is a natural demand for the products they make; places which they can serve easily and economically.

That is why this newspaper, working with other newspapers through its national organization, the Bureau of Advertising, American Newspaper Publishers Association, is investigating merchandizing conditions for the information of manufacturers.

Manufacturers in all lines are calling on the Bureau of Advertising for facts about logical selling markets. These facts are helpful in planning an advertising campaign. They insure the opportunity "to go where the going is good."

Manufacturers are invited to communicate in this connection with the Bureau of Advertising, 806 World Building, New York.



"I KNOW YOU" says Bobby. You're going to be POST TOASTIES. Sweetest form in which corn is served.